

THE FIVE CENT

WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1883, by FRANK TOUSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Entered at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., as Second Class Matter.

No. 584.

{ COMPLETE. }

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 & 36 NORTH MOORE STREET, N. Y.
NEW YORK, November 14, 1883.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

{ PRICE
5 CENTS. }

Vol. I



The subscription price for THE WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY for the year 1883 will be \$2.50 per year; \$1.25 per 6 months, post paid. Address FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

THE MANIAC RIDER

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF HAWKESWOOD GRANGE.

By HORACE APPLETON.

Author of "The Maniac Pirate," "The Man of Gold," "The Coral Cave," "From Pole to Pole," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE MURDER.

"ARE you sure of it, Berkeley?"

"Never was more certain."

"You have probed the case deeply?"

"I have."

"And as a result, you have arrived at the conclusion that Leslie Huntley is the murderer of Baron Hawkeswood?"

"Exactly."

"And Huntley—who is he?"

"No other than the lover of Edith Hawkeswood, the baron's daughter."

"What could have been his motive in the crime?"

"Simple enough. The baron opposed the marriage."

"And to gain his point and the Hawkeswood estate, Leslie Huntley murdered the master of Hawkeswood Grange?"

"Precisely, sir. That is the correct diagnosis of this case," and the little detective rubbed his hands briskly together.

This conversation occurred in a small square wainscoted apartment in a large building, in the center of the great city of London.

It was nothing more or less than the office of a private detective agency.

The speakers were Bob Berkeley, detective, and the chief of detectives.

Their conversation as I have detailed it, may be comprehensive enough to the reader, as concerning a murder case.

Murder had been done.

And foul murder also.

No prettier estate was there in Suffolk, than Hawkeswood Grange.

The grange had been the property of a dozen Hawkeswoods.

The old baron, who could trace his lineage back to the Cromwellian times, was very proud of his long line of ancestry.

His daughter, Edith, was the pride of his heart, and a very beautiful girl.

Besides her, there dwelt at the grange, a nephew, by name Ward Westmore.

In some manner Westmore, whom Edith never liked, had ingratiated himself into the good graces of the old baron.

Indeed, the baron had much favored a marriage of his daughter with Westmore.

But Edith rebelled.

She detested the nephew.

Her affections had become centered in another direction.

The estate of Huntley, adjoining the Hawkeswood land, was much impoverished.

There had always been a bitter feud between the former masters of Huntley and Hawkeswood.

Huntley, after ten years rule by a dissipated heir, was left in an impoverished condition, to Leslie Huntley.

Leslie was a noble-minded and generous-hearted youth.

He was much beloved by the country folks, to whom he was always kind.

In childhood days, Leslie and Edith had been fast friends.

And as they grew older, this friendship ripened into a deeper feeling.

And finally Leslie went away to India.

And before they went, love-vows were pledged.

When he returned from the Crimea, a hero and covered with laurels won in battle, he applied at once for the hand of his true love.

But now came the inevitable rough side of the true lover's course.

His application for the hand of the heiress of Hawkeswood was met with stern displeasure by the old Baron.

"My daughter shall never wed with a Huntley," he had said.

Leslie went away from this meeting with the irate master of Hawkeswood in a whirl of despair.

Shortly after this, not many weeks later, the entire coun-

try was thrown into the deepest horror by the news of a horrible tragedy.

The master of Hawkeswood had been murdered in cold blood.

More than this, the old baron had died seemingly an unnatural father.

His will, upon being produced, was found to revert the entire estate of Hawkeswood to the dark nephew, Ward Westmore.

And now, at the stage which opens our story, Bob Berkeley, London's shrewdest detective, had arrived at the startling conclusion that the baron's murderer was Leslie Huntley.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH BERKELEY GETS SNUBBED.

"I HOPE you may unearth this case, Berkeley."

"So do I. The remuneration is ample."

"Not only that, but it will entail a great deal of credit to you."

"True, and rest assured, chief, I *will* unearth it."

"I wish you luck."

"Thanks, now—your advice."

"I cannot advise you to do different. Your present course is all commendable."

"Very well. I will report in another week."

"As you please."

"Good-bye."

The door of the chief's office opened, and Bob Berkeley bowed himself out.

A moment later and he was upon the street.

As he reached the curbstone a low chuckle burst from his lips.

"Ah, a straight course, and clear sailing. Bob Berkeley, you have made your fortune. If I do not feather my nest out of this little racket, then I am mistaken, that's all."

With these mysterious words the keen detective crossed the street.

The street was narrow.

It was also filled with teams.

It had been raining and the pavements were slippery.

Just in front of the detective a young girl, modestly dressed, slender, fair, and frail, was endeavoring to keep her equilibrium.

In this she was unsuccessful.

And placing her tiny foot upon a slippery paving-block, she fell prostrate.

In a moment the detective sprang forward.

But ere he reached her a strong arm thrust him aside, and a tall, well-formed young man intercepted him in his act of gallantry.

Berkeley had had an end in view in springing to the young girl's assistance.

She was pretty, and it vexed him not a little to be superseded in his purpose.

His face flushed hotly, and springing forward he brought his hand down forcibly upon the other's shoulder.

Like a flash the young man wheeled.

This brought him face to face with the infuriated detective.

"What do you mean, sir?"

Handsome, clear-cut, and patrician in their cast were the other's features.

By this time the young lady had been assisted in safety to her feet.

And instinctively Berkeley all at once arrived at the sage conclusion that he had made a serious mistake.

"I—I—what do you mean?" he stammered. "Is this the way you treat a man of my cloth? Do you know who I am?"

"Why, my dear man, are you out of your mind? What have I done to you?" quietly said the young man.

"What have you done?" said the detective, getting red in the face and much confused. "Why, sir—what right, sir—had you to go in front of me?"

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, very quietly, and with just a gleam of mischief in his steel blue eyes.

"But was the young lady under your protection?"

"N-no; not exactly, but——"

"Very well, she is under mine, now. Have you anything more to say?"

The young man's gaze had assumed a very comprehensive aspect to the detective, and as he measured the supple, well-knit form before him, he beat a retreat, figuratively speaking.

The young man had wheeled, and with the girl upon his arm had approached a carriage near the curbing.

It was an elegant equipage.

And as the detective glanced at the coat-of-arms he gave a start.

It was the family crest of Hawkeswood.

"By Jupiter," he ejaculated.

He stood in a stupor and watched the carriage out of sight.

Then he gave vent to a low whistle.

"That is Edith Hawkeswood," he ejaculated. "Well and good, but who is the swell with her, I wonder?"

Berkeley, though a keen sleuth-hound, was unpolished in manners, and beyond the technicalities of his calling and a certain indefatigability of purpose, a nonentity.

As a detective he was a success.

As a man of the world, or a gentleman, he was a failure.

His ideas were too "compressed," too exceedingly narrow.

"By the piper of Moses," he muttered, as he strode away. "Can that be the nephew? No, I have it—that is the *murderer*, Leslie Huntley. Ah, ha, mighty high and lofty chap, ain't he? Well, it's to my humble belief that he won't be so vastly elevated before many days."

CHAPTER III.

THE ARREST.

AND now, gentle reader, we will take you to Hawkeswood Grange.

Into its long, richly furnished drawing rooms.

Replete with all the splendor of the orient. Turkish hangings, rugs, little alcoves filled with statuary, works of art upon either side.

By the long front windows of plate glass, stood a fair female figure.

Clad in a loose, yet exceedingly delicate and graceful

mourning dress of a faint, bluish tint, stood Edith Hawkeswood.

It had been two months since the Baron's terrible death. Only yesterday it was that the cruel will had been read.

The cruel mandate which made of a beautiful, talented, and accomplished young girl fit for an Earl's wife, a homeless outcast, a wanderer upon the face of the earth.

But not without friends.

Even the rudest of the country people about had received some kindness at Edith's hands, and remembered her with deepest love.

She could go down and live among them.

"Perhaps, after all, it would be a happier life," she murmured.

"What happier than to fly with me. To become my bride?"

She recoiled as though shot and confronted the speaker.

With laughing face and outstretched hand he stood before her.

"I humbly entreat your pardon for this intrusion," was the apology.

"Leslie!"

"My love!"

"How you frightened me."

She saw now that he had gained admittance by means of the open conservatory door.

He was booted and spurred, and had just ridden over from Huntley.

"You will forgive?"

"Upon conditions."

"Name them."

"That you will not repeat such a thing."

"I dare not promise."

"You mischievous boy," said Edith, with a shy attempt to prevent his drawing her to a warm embrace. "You are always up to some boyish pranks. When will you ever settle down?"

"I have become settled both in mind and purpose," said Leslie Huntley, gravely.

Edith Hawkeswood looked up in shy surprise.

"How?"

"First, you have promised to become my wife, and in that I am happy; secondly, I shall retrieve my fortunes, and we will yet see Huntley Hall upon its former good footing."

"But Hawkeswood——"

"Is basely usurped by a liar, a thief, and a scoundrel. The will is a forgery and the maker a villain, and I swear——"

"Hold, upstart!"

The young man's impassioned utterances were arrested by this ejaculation.

It came from the lips of a tall dark man, who had entered the room unperceived.

Both lovers started back.

"Ward Westmore."

The dark nephew it was.

And now the owner of Hawkeswood.

Whether by fair means or foul, no man as yet knew.

"Leslie Huntley, you are in my house. I have just heard your defamation of my name."

"Well, what of it?"

Leslie was cool and unconcerned.

"Retract them, or by heaven I will thrust them down your throat."

"Proceed with the operation at once."

"Do you dare me?"

"No, I defy you, I scorn you."

With a savage oath Westmore sprang forward.

Edith screamed.

In another moment the two angry men had come together.

A sharp decisive struggle, and Westmore was hurled to the floor.

Springing to his feet he would have rushed with greater fury upon his foe, had not a startling thing at that moment occurred.

The door was burst open.

And into the room sprang the detective, Bob Berkeley.

At his back was a force of constabulary.

"Hold, Leslie Huntley, I arrest you in the Queen's name for the murder of Baron Hawkeswood."

Leslie Huntley reeled back with ghostly white face. The announcement so startling overcame Edith, who sank to the floor in a death-like swoon.

CHAPTER IV.

IN EXILE.

FIVE years later.

Just five years previous to the day upon which this chapter opens, there had sailed from Liverpool, England, the convict ship *Euphrates* bound for Tasmania with a freight of one hundred and fifty exiles.

Doomed to a terrible fate.

And to one a fate worse than death.

Among the chain gang was one whose noble physique, and clear, open visage the reader is familiar with.

Sitting disconsolate, a prey to fearful despair, among the rough criminals, with head bowed, Leslie Huntley's mind went back in one swift review of the past.

And in that brief retrospect, he saw wherein he had made a fatal mistake.

But too late.

Cunning schemer had Ward Westmore proved.

It was proven that Leslie's knife was found in the murder chamber. His name had been carved upon the handle.

Moreover, in his own mansion bloody garments and other terrible circumstantial bits of evidence were found, which all combined against him at the day of the trial.

The defense was weak.

The evidence was strong.

The verdict had been rendered "guilty," and the unfortunate man received his life sentence to Tasmania.

All through the trial Edith Hawkeswood had occupied a seat in the witness-box.

Not once had her gaze left the noble, but anguished and despairing countenance of her lover.

And when the terrible verdict was rendered she almost swooned.

But she made Leslie a parting visit in his cell.

And that farewell neither ever forgot.

With his love pressed close in his strong arms, Leslie Hautley forgot for a moment his terrible sorrow.

"Heaven cannot be so cruel as to forever part us," he said. "We will—we must yet be re-united, my own love."

"Let us leave all to that higher power," said the devoted young girl. "Let us place our faith in Him. He, whom the Scripture has taught us, 'notes even the fall of a sparrow.' We will not be separated. I will go to you in your exile—to Tasmania."

"Oh, if you could. Though it were on that desert isle, I should live happy with you."

And thus the lovers had parted.

The *Euphrates* without accident reached Tasmania.

Under the walls of a fortress, whose prison-like exterior frowned down upon the little bay of Tasmania, the convicts disembarked.

Leslie did not learn his fate until late that day.

The others had been mostly dispersed.

Some to positions in the fortress, others into the interior of the island.

And against his hopes it proved Leslie's fortune to go into the interior.

A brutish-visaged military commander announced his fate to our hero, and he was marched off with his companions.

Five in number they were.

Naturally, after the first emotions of despair had left him, Leslie surveyed them one by one as those with whom his lot was cast.

And among them there was only one whom the young scion of aristocracy felt he could make an associate and confidant of.

That was a not unpleasant-faced man of thirty-five, with smooth face and kindly eyes of blue.

With him our hero struck up a pleasant acquaintance, which relieved the terrible oppression of the journey.

His name, he learned, was Harland Hope.

He was convicted of the crime of forgery, of which he declared himself innocent, and would serve only a five years' sentence.

Then he might go back to England again a free man.

"But for five years I can be your friend," he had said to Leslie, "and I will be a friend to you. Perhaps, when I go back, you can go too—don't you see?"

Well meant words of comfort, but, in his terrible depressed state of mind, Leslie could hardly accept them.

"Ah, no," he said. "I am doomed to a life exile. There is no way for me to escape. No way but to remain here—and—die here."

And now the five years had elapsed.

Harland Hope's time was up.

Even now, upon this day, the ship was weighing anchor upon which he was to leave.

And a keen pang of sorrow filled our hero's breast at the loss of his only congenial friend and companion.

CHAPTER V.

ENTRAPPED.

BUT what of Edith Hawkeswood?

After the touching farewell of her lover, the poor girl had struck out into the streets of London.

She was alone, unattended, in a great city.

Her home—her rightful own—had been usurped by a base schemer.

She could not go back there.

Better death than that.

But fortune did not desert her.

By chance she struck upon a friend.

In the streets of the great city she met with an elderly lady, a former nurse and domestic in the Hawkeswood family, by name Mrs. Larrabee.

To her she recited her sorrowful tale.

Mrs. Larrabee was an honest, kind-hearted woman and was at once enlisted in her former mistress' behalf.

"May God bless ye, dear," she had said. "I will be a friend to ye. I will see ye through. Come to my home in the West End."

To Mrs. Larrabee's humble abode Edith went.

By dint of perseverance she at length obtained employment.

The first year drifted slowly by.

And then, one day, just as she was becoming contented in her humble way of living with the good Mrs. Larrabee, the first cloud arose over her career since the parting with her lover.

One day in London she narrowly escaped being run down by a coach team.

In the carriage sat a dark-visaged man, with evil black eyes.

His gaze caught the young girl's form.

And he gave a start.

He leaned forward out of the carriage a moment, and then clutched the arm of a man by his side, Anthony Freare, his valet.

"Anthony, do you see her? Who is she?"

"I know not, master," was the reply.

"But, I do; she is Edith Hawkeswood. I have spent a year in finding her, and have failed, only now to be rewarded by a mere chance. Get out, Anthony, follow her, lose not her track."

A week after this incident, Edith received a note, which had she been less flurried in mind, she might have regarded more suspiciously.

It was worded thus:

"EDITH HAWKESWOOD.—One whom you love, and whom you have not seen in many years, desires a meeting with you. Be at St. James Square, by the statue, at half-past nine, and he will meet you. Burn this note.

"EXILE."

With fluttering heart Edith perused this epistle.

"Can it be he?" she murmured. "Can he have escaped?"

Unwarily she fell into the trap so cunningly contrived for her.

At the appointed hour, in a whirl of varied emotions, she was beneath the shadow of the great St. James Statue.

It was an unfrequented locality, and in spite of her usual good courage, she felt a strange premonition of approaching evil.

But the premonition came too late.

Later the hour waxed.

The shadows grew deeper.

Nervously she drew back into the shadows of the monument.

And at that moment arms of giant strength encircled her, she was borne backward, a gag prevented an outcry, and she was entrapped.

In the enemy's clutches.

In vain her struggles.

She was conveyed swiftly across the little square, and placed in a darkened coach.

Two men carried her and followed her into the coach, which was immediately driven rapidly away.

How far she was carried she knew not.

When at length, she was relieved of blindfold and gag, she found herself in a richly furnished apartment.

But windows and door of the room were barred.

She was virtually in a prison.

But the room looked familiar to her.

The furniture, the hangings, the pictures, she had seen them all before.

And all doubt was removed as to her fate, when the door opened, and her worst—her most dreaded enemy, Ward Westmore, stood upon the threshold.

With a mocking smile the villain advanced into the apartment.

"Ah, my dear," he said, advancing. "I welcome you back to Hawkeswood as its future mistress."

CHAPTER VI.

THE HAUNTED WING.

WARD WESTMORE'S tone was one of sarcasm.

Edith felt a terrible thrill of fear and loathing, and recoiled before him.

"Back—back! do not put a hand upon me," she said.

"What, you repel me? Why, that is surely uncharitable. I have taken you in from the streets, I shall make of you a lady. Why, my dear, why do you treat me thus? I am your friend, I assure you——"

"Stop."

The command was obeyed, though Westmore could not explain why he did it.

"Ward Westmore, you have heaped insult upon injury. Why have you practiced this vile scheme upon me? I have never injured you."

The villain's face for a moment turned black.

But he quickly recovered himself.

"You must be laboring under a delusion," he said. "I assure you, Miss Edith, you have grossly misjudged me in every way. I am truly a friend to you. I mean you well, and your interests are dear to me. Will you not accept my friendship?"

Edith Hawkeswood gazed contemptuously upon the sycophant.

And in that moment she despised him.

"Ward Westmore, never again address yourself to me in such a manner. Remember that to offer a lady insult is to merit a rich punishment, and a champion may turn up who would inflict the same upon you."

Ward Westmore's form quivered with suppressed passion. One moment he wavered.

His impulse was, in his cowardly rage to strike the speaker of this cutting remark, woman though she was.

But he restrained himself and retreated toward the door.

Upon the threshold, he spoke:

"You are high-tempered to-day, my fine little bird. But this shall be your gilded cage, here you shall remain until brought to subjection, until you are glad to come to my terms."

Then the door closed.

When he had gone Edith sank down, overcome, upon a divan.

She relapsed into a kind of stupor, out of which she did not come for some hours.

Then she arose to her feet.

"Oh, kind Heaven," she murmured, "am I doomed to this fearful captivity. Can I not escape? Is there no way?"

She paced the chamber frantically.

Then mounting a chair, she climbed up to the barred windows.

And gazing through them a strange sight met her gaze.

It was midnight.

The silver moonlight shed its incandescent light over the world without.

Below the prison window, arose the crumbling stone walls of the old west wing of the Hawkeswood mansion.

This wing had long been in disuse.

Heavy masses of ivy creep over its walls.

Below was the ancient court-yard long since gone to ruin.

Edith had roamed there many a summer day.

Tradition said that the old wing was haunted.

That in its ancient walls yet held forth the spirits of those of the Hawkeswoods who had long since passed from life.

But this, of course, was a mere vagary.

Edith had never attached any significance to it.

Though she loved the legend, and liked to think it true, the credulous country folk, of course, all averred it a truth.

Edith gazed down upon the haunted wing for some while.

And then of a sudden she gave a violent start.

A door had opened in the building, a light had flashed forth, and a human form emerged.

But in the dim moonlight it did not seem a flesh and blood reality.

She drew her breath quick and hard.

Was the legend true.

Tall, gaunt, and shadowy was the form.

And now forth from the shadows came another spectacle. Nothing more nor less than a shadowy horse.

And in the course of a few moments the horse had approached the man, who mounted him and vanished in the gloom which pervaded the grounds beyond.

Edith staggered back and sank into a chair, overcome with this startling sight.

CHAPTER VII.

WESTMORE IN THE FOREST.

FOR a moment she shivered in the chair, then she regained her composure by a strong effort, and looked forth again.

The court-yard was as before illumined in moon-rays.
But in its center now stood a dark-clad human figure.

And, as Edith gazed upon the unknown, she became assured that he was no spirit, but a flesh and blood reality.

A tall, dark-featured man, clad in a long domino, and capote over all.

Who was he?

Our heroine knew not, but an instinct prompted her to tap upon the window sash.

Perhaps he might be a friend.

Perhaps he might give her succor.

At the sound the unknown wheeled and glanced upward.

Edith gave a cry of horror and staggered back.

The face upturned to her in the moonlight was that of Ward Westmore.

Only it looked very unnatural.

Marble white in its hue, with strained eye balls, and drawn lines about the mouth.

It was indeed the usurper of Hawkeswood Grange.

He had been concealed a moment before behind an angle of the building and had observed the appearance and disappearance of the phantom horseman.

Edith sank back in a swoon.

How long she remained under its influence she knew not.

But when she came to, a Hindoo nurse, an old retainer of the Hawkeswood family, was bending over her.

Meanwhile Westmore, in the court-yard below, had noted the momentary appearance of his captive's face at the barred window.

But he only smiled grimly, and changed his position slightly.

For some time he remained standing, as though in a reverie, then he approached the door in the haunted wing from which the phantom horseman had emerged.

He tried to lift the latch.

But it resisted his efforts.

It was securely locked.

He scowled blackly at this.

"To-morrow," he muttered, "I will have that door forced, and learn what is behind it."

Turning away from the door, he crossed the court-yard.

Passing out beyond the yard wall, he stooped down in a clear spot and examined the earth.

Hoof-prints were there, and plainly visible.

The shoe-mark had a peculiar shape, being curved inward, almost vertically, and resembling strongly what might have been thought a cloven hoof.

"Ho," he ejaculated. "The strange rider bestrides a horse of flesh and blood in reality, at least!"

For some moments he scrutinized the foot-marks.

Then he arose.

It was long past midnight.

The wood before him looked black and forbidding.

But he did not hesitate.

Into the shadows he strode, and continued on among the trees, until of a sudden he came out upon the shores of a little lake in the center of the forest.

Beyond the moonlit waters arose the tall monarchs of the wood, like black sentinels of the night.

With folded arms, Westmore stood gazing reflectively down into the waters.

And unconsciously he broke out with a scarcely audible soliloquy.

"I am master of Hawkeswood. A twelvemonth past, I was but a penniless dependant. Baron Hawkeswood was murdered, and the man upon whose shoulders the guilt has been placed is in Tasmania expiating the alleged crime. He was also my rival in love, and now he is out of the way forever, as effectually removed from my path as though he were dead."

Not a sound broke the somber stillness.

The time sped by and still Westmore remained enwrapped in reverie.

Then a startling thing transpired.

The waters of the lake rippled.

A dark dripping form emerged from them almost at Westmore's feet.

For a moment so astounded was the villain, that he could hardly distinguish whether the new-comer were man or beast.

Then, the unknown had gained the bank.

And Westmore saw that it was a man.

Dripping and uncouth was the man, and he started at sight of Westmore, and would have slunk away had it not been for the usurper.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ENCOUNTER IN THE WOODS.

WESTMORE started forward.

He acted upon an impulse.

Putting forth one hand, he said sternly:

"Hold, who are you?"

In putting forth his hand he grasped the unknown's wet garments.

No reply was vouchsafed him.

Only a sort of shivering moan seemed to come from the other's lips.

Then he made a quick movement to throw off Westmore's grip.

"Not so fast, my friend."

Westmore was acting under the firm belief that he had captured a poacher upon his grounds.

"I will learn you to trespass upon my domain," he said.

"Ha—what——"

He did not finish the sentence.

Finding himself unable to break away, the unknown had turned upon the usurper like a tiger.

And they became involved in a terrific struggle.

Back and forth they swayed.

Not a word did Westmore's antagonist speak, only moaned and snarled like a wild beast, and gritted his teeth.

By this time Westmore had arrived at the ultimatum that he was struggling with a maniac.

A terrible struggle it was.

Now the maniac had the advantage.

And then Westmore's gigantic strength gave him the better hold.

About the glade whirled the combatants.

No witness was there of the struggle.

It became more terrific.

Now both were upon the ground.

"Curse you, fiend!" panted Westmore, as he struggled.

"Man or devil, whatever you are I will learn."

But in spite of his anger and excitement Westmore could not help a certain mystified feeling.

"What can it be?" went through his mind. "Maniac or fiend? Ah! can it be the phantom rider of the haunted wing?"

This flashed upon him as the truth.

"But who is it?" constituted an enigma not easily solved.

In spite of his own great strength Westmore felt that he was no match for the unknown.

And that he would get the worst of the fray eventually.

So he resolved upon a piece of strategy.

Feigning weakness he relaxed his hold.

To his surprise his antagonist did the same.

And now the most surprising thing of all transpired.

Finding the hold relaxed upon him the maniac broke away in spite of the fact that he had his adversary at a disadvantage, and, clearing himself, sprang away into the forest.

Too late, Westmore sprang after him.

With a wild, ringing laugh the maniac was gone.

His retreating footsteps crashed through the undergrowth, and, a moment later the shrill neigh of a horse rose upon the air, and the clatter of horses' hoofs were wafted to the pursuer's ear.

Westmore, torn, bleeding, and much discomfited after his severe and fruitless struggle, listened to these sounds with an inexplicable sensation of awe.

"Mystery of mysteries," he ejaculated. "But I will unearth it, if it costs me my fortune. I will first learn the secret of the haunted wing."

He returned slowly, and in no comfortable frame of mind, to the mansion.

The remainder of the night was sleepless to him.

In the early morning all of the family retainers were summoned.

Westmore catechized them sharply.

"The west wing 'as always been 'aunted, sur," said one of the butlers. "I 'ave been in 'awkeswood for nigh onto forty year, sur, an' it 'ave bin 'aunted since then, sur."

"Haunted, bosh! don't let me hear you talk that way again, Fitzgerald. But stop, what do you mean by haunted?"

"Why, sur—eh—'ave seen 'em myself, sur. Real spooks, sur. White gowns an' all, sur. God save us, but it's the truth, my lord——"

"Enough," said Westmore, impatiently. "That is enough of that. Prepare to accompany me all of you at once to this wing. I will have it razed to the ground, but I will unearth its mystery."

A murmur of dismay and fear went up among the superstitious retainers.

But their master's word was law, and could not be gainsaid. So a half hour later the long fastened doors between the mansion and the old wing were battered in preparatory to the search.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT WAS FOUND IN THE WING.

WESTMORE was recklessly bent upon his purpose of exploring the haunted wing.

He meant every word when he expressed his determination to batter the place down but he would learn its mystery.

The old servants shook their heads solemnly and averred that,

"Nae gude will come ha' it."

The doors between the mansion and the wing had been nailed for more than fifty years.

Indeed, so long had they been up that the wood had molded, and crumbled away easily.

The usurper directed the work himself, and did not pause until the entrance was made open.

Then leading the way, with lighted taper, followed by the shivering servants, he began his tour of investigation.

The old wing was what had once been the original manor.

Many generations of Hawkeswoods had been reared beneath its roof.

Knights with plumed crests and glittering armor had once trod the stone corridors and went forth from the high arches.

Damp and chill was the atmosphere.

Even Westmore felt the depressing effect, much like that experienced in going out of the bright world into a tomb.

Chamber after chamber was explored until finally the lower rooms were reached.

But not a sign of living being was found.

Nothing but the rats which scampered away at their approach.

As they progressed and nothing was found to excite any alarm, the servants' courage began to rise.

The lower rooms had been all explored and Westmore had arrived at the conclusion that his search was to be rewarded with nothing, when a cry from the head butler attracted his attention.

In the solid masonry of the wall of the old manor, was set a long marble plate.

Upon this plate, was engraved in rude fashion the genealogy of the Hawkeswood family from medieval times.

But it was not this fact which had excited the exclamation of the head butler.

With blanched face and trembling knees, he stood pointing to a spectacle which when it met the gaze of the others was the cause of a general cry of horror and superstition.

Westmore gazed upon it and reeled back with a corpse-like pallor.

The nature of the spectacle warranted this.

At the base of the list of names appeared an inscription.

This inscription was what had struck fear to the hearts of the spectators.

Thus read the inscription:

"Lastly—Baron John Hawkeswood,

"Son of Edwin and Judith Hawkeswood.

"For eighteen years master of the manor,

"Born at Hawkeswood, July 12th, 18—

"Fouly murdered in his bed by a dependant—a viper long nourished in his bosom.

"Vengeance will shortly overtake the murderer—may his ashes rest in peace. Requiescat in Requiem."

It was not alone this mysterious and startling inscription which impressed the usurper.

But the chirography itself.

It was traced in letters of blood.

And below upon the marble floor was a huge splash of blood.

Blood marked the tessellated floor, was upon the window-panes, and streaked the walls.

A terrible dizziness came over Ward Westmore.

He reeled and would have fallen had it not been for the head butler.

Morally and physically Westmore was a coward.

Beyond a bullying spirit he was nothing, and now his courage forsook him like snow before a spring shower.

Cries of terror went up from the servants who huddled frightened together.

And at that moment, well-calculated to increase the terror, there went through the stone arches a low, deep moan, succeeded by a wild, devilish, ringing peal of laughter.

How Ward Westmore got out of the place he never knew.

Servants and master fled awe-struck and terrified from the spot.

An hour later, in a terribly excited and nervous frame of mind, the usurper reclined upon a couch in his chamber with attendants bathing his brow.

Was the old wing haunted?

CHAPTER X.

WESTMORE'S PROPOSAL.

IN her prison chamber Edith reclined upon her couch.

A feverish anxiety brooded over her mind and a strange uneasiness assailed her.

A premonition of something, she hardly knew what, had weighed upon her mind all that day.

The shadows of night had long since settled down.

She was alone, and the oil-light had burned low upon a stand at her bedside.

Her mind unconsciously wandered across the sea to that unknown clime where her lover, an exile, was doomed to abide.

"My love," she murmured, "I may never see him again. And I promised to go to Tasmania to meet him there and share his exile. God help me! Is there no way for me to escape from this terrible place?"

She arose to her feet and paced the floor in a whirl of anguish and despair.

"If I could but escape," she murmured. "But I cannot break those window bars. They resist my best efforts. Why, oh, Heaven! why is Fate so cruel to me?"

With a desperation born of despair, she, for the hundredth time, mounted the sill and applied her strength to the barred window.

Fiercely she worked.

The night wind blew in her face dank and wet.

A storm was brewing in the night without.

The wind went sighing and moaning about the old manor like the weird plaint of a discontented spirit.

She shivered as the chill wind smote her.

But did not desist in her work.

Eagerly she worked.

Back and forth her light frame swayed.

Desperation was in her face.

Ha! a thrill shot through her breast, the iron loosens in the stones.

The cement is easily broken.

Her breath came quick and short.

The bar yields.

One swift, upward pull, it is displaced.

And at that moment, a moment of triumph, a sound strikes her hearing which causes every nerve in her body to vibrate.

It was a footstep without in the corridor.

Was it the nurse visiting her at that unwelcome hour?

She slid down from her position.

The key grated in the lock.

The door turned upon its hinges.

Across the threshold stalked a human form.

With an exclamation of terror and disgust, Edith recoiled.

It was the usurper Westmore, her most dreaded enemy.

And instinctively one thing flashed through her mind.

What was the villain's mission?

With dignity she faced her enemy.

There was a stern, hard smile upon Westmore's evil face.

He entered and closed the door.

"I have made you a later visit than is consistent with ceremony," he said, with sarcasm.

"I perceive it," was Edith's quiet reply.

"But under the circumstances I do not think that ceremony should longer exist between us. You are so shortly to become mine——"

"Never!"

At the emphasis of this word, Westmore, in spite of himself, recoiled.

"What! Do you refuse to accept my terms?" he exclaimed.

"I make no terms with such as you," said Edith, with spirit. "Ward Westmore, never again insult me with such a proposition as you have made. I would sooner die than wed with you!"

Westmore bit his lip.

"You are forcible in your rejection of my suit," he said. "Stay, my haughty queen. Will you not tell me why you refuse to become my wife?"

"Because I loathe you."

Lurid lightning leaped from Westmore's eyes.

"Ah, you do!" he cried angrily. "Well, loathe, hate, and despise me as much as you will, by fair means or foul you shall marry me. Remember, you shall be mine. I have sworn it, by all the powers of heaven and earth. Prepare yourself, then, for your fate."

The door clanged behind him.

Edith reeled, with a terrible faintness, but recovered herself.

"Now I must escape," she breathed hoarsely. "God help me. It is my only chance."

Back to the window she flew.

One good wrench now displaced the bar, and the avenue of escape was open.

CHAPTER XI.

EDITH'S ESCAPE.

BENEATH the prison window grew a profusion of vines. They were wood ivy, and tough of fibre, and easily capable of sustaining her weight.

Grasping these, she swung over the sill.

It was a great distance to the ground below.

How she made the descent, she never clearly remembered.

But finally her feet touched the earth.

She was *free*.

Above her head was the clouded sky, overhung with black storm-clouds. Beneath her feet all was damp and sodden.

But she ran on, in the darkness, hardly knowing whither her footsteps carried her—hardly caring, so long as it carried her to freedom.

The wind whistled drearily.

The falling rain wet her through.

Her garments were torn and sodden, her faculties became benumbed with cold and wet, and finally, almost exhausted, she sank down to gain a moment's rest.

It was in the edge of a clump of shrubbery.

And as she lay there, striving to overcome the terrible drowsy lassitude which came over her, a startling thing happened.

A dark form of a sudden loomed up over her.

Some hideous unknown monster bent down and touched her.

Two gleaming eye-balls were fastened upon her, a fearful fetid breath fanned her cheek.

With a wild thrilling scream, Edith recoiled, but her strength left her, and a swoon relieved her of all further realization.

At the scream, the monster started back, and had one been near enough in the gloom to see clearly, it could easily have been perceived that the unknown which had so frightened our heroine was nothing more nor less than a horse.

Saddle and bridle was upon the animal.

And his rider was not far away, for at the scream a dark human form came hurrying up through the gloom.

The form bent over our heroine.

A light flashed in his hand.

And the upturned face of Edith in the rain, caused him to utter an ejaculation.

The light was put out, and the unknown paused a moment as though in deliberation.

Had Edith have possessed her faculties when the light illumined her features, she would have made a startling discovery.

And this was that the features of the man bending over her were identical with those of the phantom rider, whom she had seen emerge from the haunted wing the night before.

Whoever the mysterious personage was, he evinced a noble spirit, for a moment later with our heroine's insensible form in his arms, he had mounted his horse.

Giving him rein, the mysterious horseman dashed away into the gloom.

He rode rapidly, and for some distance.

Then a light burst forth in his path.

It emanated from the window of a small forester's cottage. Before reaching the cottage he dismounted.

Bearing Edith tenderly in his arms he approached the door of the rude dwelling, and deposited her upon the doorstep.

Then rapped loudly upon the door.

And a moment later the honest peasant who came to the door found only the dripping insensible form of a beautiful young girl there.

For some days, until she had regained her strength, Edith remained at the peasant cottage.

The events of that night were a mystery to her.

As soon as she had sufficiently recuperated she thanked her benefactors, and took her leave.

Now that she was out of Westmore's clutches, she was resolved not to fall into them again.

She had money enough to take her to London, whither she proceeded.

But she did not intend to remain there long. The first steamer would take her to Tasmania to rejoin her lover, now the only friend she believed on earth.

But one day at her lodgings in London, a short, square built man with keen ferret eyes presented himself.

When he was shown into her presence, he was revealed to her astonished gaze, as Bob Berkeley, the London detective.

"Never fear, miss," he said, cheerily. "You are all right. Your lover is cleared of the murder, and will come back from Tasmania, and Hawkeswood belongs to you after all."

CHAPTER XII.

THE USURPER UNMASKED.

WHEN he discovered the flight of his fair prey the next morning, Ward Westmore was frantic with rage.

He cursed the servants, raved about the mansion and made a pandemonium for a while.

But when he found that all this was of no avail, he settled down into a calmer frame of mind.

A search was instituted for the missing "ward," so-called.

But no trace of her could be found.

After this the usurper's mind changed.

Pursued by a dread, phantom-like premonition of downfall, he resorted to fatal measures to drown this oppression.

He launched recklessly into dissipation.

For a while he succeeded in drowning all thoughts of such nature.

But the end soon came.

An avenging Nemesis was upon his track.

And the fatal crisis at length presented itself.

One night the villain had returned late from a drunken spree in London.

No carriage awaited him at the station, and he was obliged to walk to the Hall.

It was a moonlight night, and Westmore was far enough recovered from his drunk to become cognizant of things about.

Indeed, he had not been in so sober a state before for many weeks.

The road from the railway station to Hawkeswood led through a stretch of pine woods.

And the villain had not traversed half the road, when of a sudden, a tall, gigantic form loomed up in his path.

With a cry of horror he sprang back.

The face of the person before him was terribly white and drawn.

His eyes blazed like a panther's, and his long talon-like fingers worked convulsively.

Westmore recognized him at a glance.

It was the mysterious phantom horseman, whom he had witnessed emerge from the haunted wing that night.

It was his Nemesis.

The usurper seemed to realize this.

He cowered back for a moment, and then would have attempted an escape, but the mysterious horseman's voice restrained him.

"Usurper, murderer, stand before a Hawkeswood. Your last hour has come. A message has been sent from Hell to call you thither, and the powers have decreed that I shall send you there. Ha—ha—I shall redden my hands with your foul blood. I, a Hawkeswood—but it is fitting, as you have stained yours with a Hawkeswood's life-current."

Shivering with a nameless terror, the usurper gasped:

"In Heaven's name, who are you?"

"Who am, I? Ha—ha—write it in letters of blood. I am a Hawkeswood. A brother long since believed dead—but come back, to avenge the foul murder and usurpation. Ha—blood—blood—I must have it in atonement."

The maniac's shriek rang out loud and shrill.

And in that instant the truth flashed across Westmore's mind.

He remembered that John Hawkeswood had a brother, an idiot, who had wandered away from home long years ago.

This was the brother in the land of the living.

He realized that it was to be a life and death struggle.

He plunged his hand in his bosom and clutched the hilt of a knife.

It flashed forth.

The maniac was upon him.

Like a wild beast he came.

Foaming and gnashing his teeth he clutched the usurper.

Once—twice—the bright-bladed knife arose and fell.

A shrill cry of agony followed.

But the maniac seemed endowed with a second life.

With the frenzy of a dying man, he clutched the fatal wrist.

Bore it back with a madman's strength. With all force the keen knife was reverted, and ere Westmore's vast strength could interpose it fell with a thud upon his breast.

The next moment the maniac was quivering upon the ground in his death throes.

It had been a terrible struggle.

Westmore was victorious, but at the cost of his own life.

The wound was a fatal one, and he was enabled merely to drag himself home and expire a few hours later.

The avenging Nemesis had performed his work, and the villain's evil deeds were done.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EXILE'S PERIL.

MEANWHILE in far away Tasmania our hero, Leslie Huntley, was languishing in his imprisonment upon a lonely isle.

Not a word had he received from home.

The fate of those dear to him—of one very dear to him, namely Edith Hawkeswood, he could only conjecture.

His life in Tasmania was an exceedingly odious one.

He was subjected to insults, rough talk, and even blows, and many a time was only restrained from resenting them, by the bitter realization that such a course would only add to the misery of his lot.

He made one good friend.

And he was the only person he met during his exile who was congenial company.

And the man was Harland Hope.

His sentence was for five years.

While Leslie's was for life.

"Did I not have a wife and dear friends at home," said Hope, "I would never go home, but remain here with you, my dear friend, and share your life's imprisonment."

"I can understand your desire to get home," said Leslie, sadly. "There is one very dear to me in England, whom I would give half my life to be able to rejoin."

One day Hope and Leslie were commissioned for a trip into the interior.

The locality to which they were dispatched was an unfrequented part of the island.

Their errand was to convey a message to a party of mine inspectors.

A thick jungle fifty miles wide and a wide plain of forty miles' surface were the territory to be traversed.

But neither were displeased with the idea of the trip.

While it had its perils, it offered them a diversion which was welcome.

They set forth early in the morning, well equipped for a journey of the sort.

The first day's tramp—for the entire ninety miles was to be accomplished on foot—embraced a walk of thirty miles by easy stages.

This brought them into the thickest of the jungle.

It was known that the interior of the island was infested with bushmen.

So far they had encountered no signs of them.

But there was imminent danger of falling in with these ruffians at any moment.

So our friends kept on their guard.

Finally they reached their destination without any happening worthy of note.

And turning homeward, had accomplished half the distance, when the dreaded calamity presented itself.

Of a sudden, from behind trees and bushes in their path, there appeared a score or more of fierce-looking men, half-clad, and armed with keen-bladed cutlasses and carbines.

Neither Leslie nor Hope was a coward.

But their faces paled at the scene before them.

"We will die game," said brave Hope.

"Amen to that," echoed Leslie.

And side by side, the two brave men held the score of cut-throats at bay.

Taking refuge behind a pile of bowlders, the bushmen kept a respectful distance from their death-dealing rifles.

As might be expected, the bushmen, though fierce and bloodthirsty, were cowards.

They would not venture within range of the convicts' guns.

But this advantage was the sole one in favor of our friends.

They could not hold their position a great while.

The bushmen formed a cordon about them.

They dared not stir from the protection of the bowlders, no more than their enemies dared to advance upon them.

Five days the siege lasted.

During that time neither food nor drink was procurable.

It was a slow death by starvation, and finally Hope becoming desperate, said:

"It's no use, Leslie, I am going to make a break for liberty. If I lose my life, it is as well as to die here like a rat in his hole."

Leslie's heart sank in his breast.

This was to be his fate.

It was a bitter thought, and he choked back with difficulty the terrible despair which would overwhelm him.

But at the last moment, fortune interposed in their behalf.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHICH IS THE LAST.

At length Hope became resolved to endure the situation no longer.

"Here goes," he said, strapping his knapsack to his back. "Root hog or die. It is as well to die in the open field as in a hole. Will you go, Leslie?"

"I am with you," said our hero, sadly.

The heroic convicts emerged from their little fortress among the bowlders, and struck out into the open field.

They expected almost momentarily to be riddled with rifle-balls, but they never came.

Not a bushman showed himself.

And of a sudden, a little ways off, came the sound of firing.

And then loud yells and shouts.

The next moment a body of horsemen came into view across the clearing.

They were all armed, and wore the Queen's uniform.

"The cavalry!—thank Heaven!" cried Hope. "We are all right."

It was, indeed, a detachment of cavalry.

They had arrived just in the nick of time.

The day was saved.

A moment more and the cavalry came up.

Congratulations were exchanged, and the cavalymen furnished the two convicts with horses, and escorted them in safety to Fort Sutton.

This little episode had taken place just five weeks before the expiration of Hope's time.

Finally, the day came when he was to return to England.

With a sinking heart, Leslie went down to the wharf with his friend to bid him a last farewell.

And here a startling surprise awaited him.

The night before, H. M. S. Marmion, a frigate of war, had hove into the bay.

Now a boat-load was just effecting a landing.

And, though Leslie did not at once notice those who disembarked, he was made aware of their identity a moment later by a glad, familiar voice, and a light female form flying across the wharf.

"Leslie, I am here. I have come to save you—to take you back to England. You are cleared of the murder by Ward Westmore's own confession, and can go back with us to-day."

Leslie Huntley received the light form in his arms, strained her he loved to his breast once, caught a momentary glimpse of Bob Berkeley, the detective, standing with grinning visage beyond, then a mist came before his vision and he had fainted.

* * * * *

Reader my tale is finished.

You can readily guess the sequel.

Suffice it to say, that Hawkeswood Grange is now in the happy possession of its rightful owner, and Huntley Hall is on its former good footing.

The mystery was cleared up by the death of Westmore and the maniac rider, and now, leaving our friends in their happiness, I will say adieu.

[THE END.]

HORACE APPLETON, the author of this story, is also the author of the following stories published in THE WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY: No. 567 "Fred Hazard, No. 561 "The Man of Gold," No. 556, "The Coral Cave," No. 543 "From Pole to Pole," No. 536 "Special Express Ned," No. 520 "Ben Bolt."

Useful and Instructive Books.

HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate. For sale by every newsdealer in the United States and Canada. Price 10 cents, or we will send it to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY is the title of a very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recreations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published. Sold by all newsdealers, or send 10 cents to Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, and receive it by return mail, post paid.

HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love letters, and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both the young and old. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO FLIRT.—Just out. The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window, and hat flirtations, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

USEFUL, INSTRUCTIVE AND SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.

CONTAINING INFORMATION FOR EVERYBODY

How to Do Second Sight,	10c	How to Keep House,	10c
How to Play Games,	10c	How to Do It,	10c
How to Behave,	10c	How to Box,	10c
How to Make Love,	10c	How to Become an Athlete,	10c
How to Write Love Letters,	10c	How to Row, Sail and Build a Boat,	10c
How to Do Tricks,	10c	How to Keep and Manage Pets,	10c
How to Write Letters,	10c	How to Play Cards,	10c
How to Cook,	10c	How to Become a Scientist,	10c
How to Entertain an Evening Party,	10c	How to Become an Inventor,	10c
How to Become Beautiful,	10c	How to Dress,	10c
How to Flirt,	10c	How to Become a Magician,	10c
How to Become a Ventriloquist,	10c	Muldoon's Jokes,	10c
How to Become Rich,	10c	The Shortys' Jokes,	10c
How to Dance,	10c	The Shortys' Snaps,	10c
How to Become a Speaker,	10c	The Boys of New York Minstrel Guide and Joke Book,	10c
How to Tell Fortunes,	10c	Ireland's Struggles for Liberty and Land,	10c
How to Explain Dreams,	10c	Frank Tousey's United States Distance Tables, Pocket Companion and Guide,	10c
How to Hunt and Fish,	10c		
How to Keep Birds,	10c		

These books are always in print, and for sale by all newsdealers; or they will be sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price.

OUR COMIC BOOKS.

Unequaled for Fun, Wit and Humor.

The Bald-Headed Club,	10c.	Our Servant Girls,	10c.
Going to the Country,	10c.	Pounds of Fun,	10c.
Red Hot,	10c.	The Tickler,	10c.
A Quiet Fourth of July,	10c.	A Box of Jokes,	10c.
Good Templars Exposed,	10c.	A Cure for the Blues,	10c.
On a Jury,	10c.	Fun for a Dime,	10c.
My Wife's Mother,	10c.	Hash,	10c.
Dodging a Creditor,	10c.	A Basket of Funny Things,	10c.
Mrs. Snoodles' Curtain Lectures,	10c.	An Hour's Fun,	10c.
Joining the Freemasons,	10c.	Rib Crackers,	10c.
Where Are You Going?	10c.	Shorts,	10c.
Miss Blinker's Blinds,	10c.	Smiles,	10c.
Mulligan's Boarding-House,	10c.	Funny Stories by a Funny Fellow,	10c.
Our Baby,	10c.	My Birthday,	10c.

Every book is handsomely illustrated by the best comic artists, and is a complete book in itself. For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

P. O. Box 2730.

34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York.

The Boys of New York

TAKES THE LEAD

OF

ALL BOYS' PAPERS IN THE WORLD,

BECAUSE IT CONTAINS THE BEST AND MOST ORIGINAL

Stories of Travels and Adventures

IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, GIVING EXPERIENCE IN LOW LIFE AS WELL
AS IN THE PALACE.

Thrilling, Startling, and Wonderful are the Many Adventures Pictured Out in Our Paper Every Week.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS ARE THE VERY FINEST

THAT MONEY CAN PROCURE, AND WILL BEAR COMPARISON WITH ANY WEEKLY PAPER PUBLISHED.

We employ only the Best Talent, as the following list of Prominent Authors will attest, who write exclusively for THE BOYS OF NEW YORK. Any statement to the contrary is utterly false.

"PETER PAD,"
GUS WILLIAMS,
LIEUT. E. H. KELLOGG,
U. S. DETECTIVE,
ROBERT MAYNARD,
GASTON GARNE,
CORPORAL MORGAN RATTLER,

"ED,"
J. G. BRADLEY,
PAUL BRADDON,
ALBERT J. BOOTH,
KIT CLYDE,
C. LITTLE,
"NONAME,"

POLICE CAPTAIN HOWARD,
G. G. SMALL,
ALLYN DRAPER,
R. T. EMMET,
N. Y. DETECTIVE,
ROBERT LENNOX,
BERTON BERTREW, and many others.

Subscription price for 1883, postage free, for one year, \$2.50; for six months, \$1.25; for three months, 65 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada. ~~2~~ SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE. ~~2~~ Address

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher;

P. O. Box 2730.

34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York.

The Young Men of America.

THIS SPARKLING JOURNAL FOR YOUNG MEN

IS FULL OF INTEREST FROM BEGINNING TO END.

Its stories cannot be surpassed, and its authors have a reputation seldom equaled. Read the following array of talent, who write EXCLUSIVELY for this paper:

ALEXANDER DOUGLAS (Scotland Yard Detective)—TOM TEASER—H. K. SHACKLEFORD—RALPH MORTON—ALLAN ARNOLD—J. T. BROUGHAM—HAL STANDISH—A. F. HILL—D. W. STEVENS—TOM FOX (Philadelphia Detective)—FRANK FORREST—JOHN SHERMAN—HORACE APPLETON—RICHARD R. MONTGOMERY—COL. RALPH FENTON—PERCY B. ST. JOHN—CAPT. GEO. GRANVILLE (U.S.A.)—ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG—JAMES D. MONTAGUE, and many others.

THE YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA

For the year 1883 will be sent to your address, post-paid, for \$2.50; for six months, \$1.25 and for three months, 65 cents.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

Box 2730.

34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York.

THE GREAT FIVE-CENT WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY.

The Largest, Cheapest, Handsomest, and Most Popular Library in the World.

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|---|
| 1 Tom Brown's Schooldays | 102 Claude and the Nuns | 198 Satan's Tree | 300 Bob Short; or, One of Our Boys—
comic |
| 2 The Pirate | 103 Duval in the Cloister | 199 The School on Wheels | 301 Percy of the Strong Arm |
| 3 Robinson Crusoe | 104 Claude and the Lady | 200 A Lightning Flash | 302 Jack Manly |
| 4 Jack Sheppard | 105 Duval on Hand | 201 The Mystery of a Minute | 303 Freebooters of California |
| 5 Sinbad, the Sailor | 106 Claude and the Spy | 202 Bound to be An Actor | 304 Captain Merritt and His Rangers |
| 6 Peter Simple | 107 Duval in Chains | 203 One of the Boys | 305 Nero, the Hunchback |
| 7 Pantomime Joe | 108 Claude's Bride | 204 The Mystery of the Red River | 306 Bell-Ringer of Trinity |
| 8 Snarleyow, the Dog Fiend | 109 Duval on the Road | 205 The Mashed Messenger | 307 Harry Harley |
| 9 Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp | 110 Claude's Duel | 206 The Prairie Phantom | 308 The Arctic Queen |
| 10 Poor Jack | 111 Duval and the Maiden | 207 The Young Engineer | 309 Harry Fitzroy |
| 11 Tommy Bounce—comic | 112 Claude in the Toils | 208 Fighting Against Odds | 310 The Heart of Oak |
| 12 Shorty; or, Kicked into Good Luck
—comic | 113 Duval and the Casket | 209 Harry Halsey | 311 The School on the Sea |
| 13 The Devil's Diamond | 114 Claude and His Chum | 210 Donnell O'Gig | 312 The Golden Island |
| 14 Shorty in Luck—comic | 115 Duval in Peril | 211 The Burglars of New York | 313 Among the Savages |
| 15 Dick Dauntless | 116 Claude at Bay | 212 Jerry O'Keefe's Crimes | 314 The Specter Schoolboy |
| 16 Skinny, the Tin Peddler—comic | 117 Duval and Luke | 213 Dare Devil Detective | 315 Headman of Old London Bridge |
| 17 Dick Turpin | 118 Death of Claude Duval | 214 Game to the Death | 316 Harold Forrester |
| 18 Gulliver's Travels | 119 Jack Harkaway and His Son's Ad-
ventures Around the World | 215 Kickapoo Jack | 317 Mot o' the Mist |
| 19 All Baba and the Forty Thieves | 120 Harkaway and His Son Homeward
Bound | 216 The Struggle for a Mine | 318 Eveline Duke |
| 20 The Mulcahy Twins—comic | 121 Jack Rushton | 217 Stump—comic | 319 Mark Bradley |
| 21 Jacob Faithful | 122 On and Off the Stage | 218 Stump at School—comic | 320 Driven to Sea |
| 22 Oliver Optic's Engineer Stories | 123 The Bush Boys | 219 Stump at Sea—comic | 321 Routing the Redskins |
| 23 Oliver Twist | 124 The Rival Schools | 220 Stump and Jack Hawser—comic | 322 Tom Fox |
| 24 The Image of His Father | 125 Frank, the Fisher Boy | 221 Stump's Racket Below Decks—
comic | 323 Adventures of a Philadelphia De-
tective |
| 25 Gentleman George | 126 Young Tom Rodman | 222 Stump and His Chums Homeward
Bound—comic | 324 Richard Savage |
| 26 Gentleman George and His Pal | 127 Shorty, Jr., on His Ear—comic | 223 Three of a Kind—comic | 325 Mystery of a Mis-spent Life |
| 27 The Dead Boxer | 128 Fred Spangle | 224 Charlie, Mike and Don—comic | 326 Double-Six |
| 28 Harry Hale | 129 The Young Tragedian | 225 Thirteen | 327 Dominoes of Death |
| 29 One of the Boys of New York—comic | 130 Clarence Rhett | 226 The Brotherhood of Death | 328 Gypsy Bess |
| 30 The King of Diamonds | 131 Paddy McGroarty | 227 Tricks | 329 The Queen of the Highway |
| 31 The Four Knaves | 132 Brian the Brave | 228 Under the Gallows | 330 Rudolph, the Traitor |
| 32 The Pirate Doctor | 133 Yank, Shank & Co. | 229 Adrift on a Floating Island | 331 The Boy Cavaliers |
| 33 Jonathan Wild | 134 Master of Himself | 230 Fred Hazle | 332 Young Captain Kidd |
| 34 The Pirate Chief | 135 Jim Jams; or, Jack of All Trades—
comic | 231 Shot in the Dark | 333 The Secret of Wizard Lake |
| 35 The Smuggler of St. Malo. | 136 The Boy Bohemian | 232 Doonie Crandall | 334 The Prairie Witch |
| 36 Little Mack, the Boy Engineer | 137 The Mysterious Messenger | 233 Meta, the Girl Crusoe | 335 The Hunters of the Silver Trail |
| 37 Josephine; or, the Maid of the Gulf | 138 Burt, the Detective | 234 Teddy Doyle | 336 Traveling With Barnum |
| 38 Sea Dog Charlie; or, The Advent-
ures of a Boy Hero | 139 "12," or, Tracked to Death | 235 A Trip to the Center of the Earth | 337 Three Dashing Hussars |
| 39 Paul Jones | 140 The Young Ventriloquist | 236 Drifting Harry | 338 Pat O'Corker |
| 40 The Hangman of Newgate | 141 Denver Dick | 237 Rory the Smasher | 339 The Diamond Eye |
| 41 The Black Mask | 142 Dick Daring | 238 An Irish Boy's Luck | 340 Jack of the Naval Brigade |
| 42 Dot Boy Fritz—comic | 143 Gypsy Blanche | 239 Behind the Bars | 341 The Zulu's Daughter |
| 43 Demon of the Deep | 144 The Boy Clown | 240 The Boy Convict | 342 The Haunted House of Deadman's
Corner |
| 44 Mark Graham | 145 Three Yankee Chums | 241 Tornado Tim | 343 Sir Guy's Secret |
| 45 Starboard Jack | 146 Unlucky Tom—comic | 242 The Boy Avenger | 344 Fortunes of an Acrobat |
| 46 San Francisco Bob | 147 Lathy—comic | 243 Jack the Joker | 345 For the Green Flag of Old Ireland |
| 47 Tom, Dick and the ————comic | 148 The Sea Fiends | 244 The Irish Robber's Apprentice | 346 Kathleen O'Shaughnessy |
| 48 The Yankee Privateer | 149 Under the Ocean | 245 Fighting His Way | 347 Tom, the Midshipman |
| 49 The Rover's Oath | 150 Andy Handy | 246 A Knight of the Brush | 348 Out With Captain Cook |
| 50 Corkey—comic | 151 Red Leary | 247 Fritz the Tumbler | 349 Every Inch a Sailor |
| 51 Dick Lightheart | 152 Daniel Boone | 248 Iron-Knuckled Ted | 350 Ralph, the Light Dragoon |
| 52 Dick Lightheart's Trials | 153 Hale and Hearty | 249 Dare-Devil Dick | 351 The Brothers in Arms |
| 53 Dick Lightheart's Triumph | 154 Tim of the Mail Train | 250 The Dock Boys of New York | 352 Jack of Cheapside |
| 54 Captain Hawke | 155 Out with Stanley | 251 Captain Cartouche | 353 The Green Banner of Islam |
| 55 The Boss Boy | 156 Mad Maurice | 252 The Gypsy Boy's Vengeance | 354 The Colonel's Daughter |
| 56 Shorty, Jr.; or, the Son of His Dad
—comic | 157 Shorty and the Count—comic | 253 The Boy Miners | 355 Walter's Secret |
| 57 The Pirate Schooner | 158 The Wharf Boys | 254 Water-Duck Jim | 356 The Outlaws of Berkeley Forest |
| 58 The Gold Hunters | 159 Big Silas | 255 The King of the Swimming Gang | 357 Red Spear, the Outlaw |
| 59 The Pirates of America | 160 Nip and Flip | 256 The Flying Ship of the Pacific | 358 The House of a Hundred Terrors |
| 60 The Pirate Cutter | 161 The Four Jacks | 257 The Adventures of Harry Franco | 359 Oswald, the Unknown |
| 61 The Black Pirate | 162 The Miser of Harlem | 258 Cripple Charley | 360 Adventures of a Free Lance |
| 62 Captain Kyd; or, the Pirate of Hell
Gate | 163 Young Harkaway and the Pirates | 259 The Adventures of Two Tramps | 361 The Treacherous Knight |
| 63 Will Waffles | 164 Harkaway's Triumph | 260 Plucky Jimmy | 362 Young Harkaway and His Boy
Tinker |
| 64 Three Finger Jack | 165 Harkaway on Magic Island | 261 The Blacksmith's Apprentice | 363 Tinker's Man Bogey |
| 65 The Sea King | 166 Ferret, the Little Detective | 262 Jumping Joe | 364 Young Harkaway in Spain |
| 66 Life in the Red Brigade | 167 The Man of Many Faces | 263 Jack Gordon | 365 Young Harkaway in Turkey |
| 67 Billy Bo'swain | 168 Harkaway's Peril | 264 Mat McCarthy's Fortune | 366 Mole Among the Mussulmans |
| 68 The Devil on Two Sticks | 169 Harkaway to the Rescue | 265 London Bob—comic | 367 Young Harkaway and the Arabs |
| 69 The Wild Robber | 170 Harkaway, the Magician | 266 An English Boy in America—comic | 368 Young Harkaway and the Counter-
feits |
| 70 The Highwayman's Fate | 171 Reckless Bob | 267 Scotty, the Terrier | 369 Secret of the Traitor's Gate |
| 71 The Lighthouse Murder | 172 Luke Lander, the Lion Hunter | 268 Philadelphia Dave | 370 Wolf of the Tower |
| 72 The Assassin's Doom | 173 Rob Rattler, the Scapegrace | 269 Billy the Boxer | 371 Ralph Wildhawk |
| 73 The Pirate of the Shoals | 174 The Dwarf King | 270 Cadger Con | 372 The Brigand Chief |
| 74 The Robbers of the Rhine | 175 The Gallant Middy | 271 The False Detective | 373 Marco Bravo |
| 75 Jack Harkaway's School Days | 176 Harkaway the Avenger | 272 High Falutin' Jim | 374 Zara, the Gypsy |
| 76 Harkaway Afloat | 177 The Rival Crusoes | 273 Charley Lance | 375 The Servian Spy |
| 77 Harkaway Among the Savages | 178 Harkaway in Australia | 274 A Search for a Missing Mar | 376 Sword and Climeter |
| 78 Harkaway's Escape | 179 Harkaway and the Convicts | 275 Commodore Rip-Rap | 377 Adam Bell |
| 79 Harkaway at Oxford | 180 Harkaway and the Bush-Rangers | 276 Teddy O'Lynn | 378 Archers of Englewood |
| 80 Harkaway and the Black Band | 181 Chased Around the World | 277 The Shadow Ship | 379 Knight of the Red Cross |
| 81 Harkaway and the Brigands | 182 The Detective's Mistake | 278 Lone Jack | 380 Jack-o'-the-Cudgel |
| 82 Harkaway and the Spy | 183 Chips and Chin Chin—comic | 279 Blue Grass Bob | 381 Croquard, the Free Lance |
| 83 Harkaway Trapped | 184 Chips and Chin Chin Among the
Mormons—comic | 280 The Wild Rider of Old Kentuck | 382 The Fair Maid of Kent |
| 84 Harkaway and the Italians | 185 Chips and Chin Chin's Adventures
with Indians—comic | 281 Shoo-Fly; or, Nobody's Moke—comic | 383 Dick, the Brewer |
| 85 Dick Lightheart at Sea | 186 Chips and Chin Chin in Omaha—
comic | 282 Shoo-Fly at School—comic | 384 The Oxford and Cambridge Elites |
| 86 Dick Lightheart Around the World | 187 Chips and Chin Chin in St. Louis—
comic | 283 Shoo-Fly in Love—comic | 385 The Wild Huntsman |
| 87 Dick Lightheart in London | 188 Chips and Chin Chin in New York—
comic | 284 Shoo-Fly the Gymnast—comic | 386 Tom Mansfield, the Smuggler |
| 88 Dick Lightheart's Victory | 189 Jack Hawley | 285 Sharkey, the Young Robber of the
West | 387 The Sunken Treasure |
| 89 The Island of Mystery | 190 Two Boston Boys | 286 Dashing Bob | 388 The Slave's Revenge |
| 90 Detective Dan | 191 Frank Martin, the Young Rajah | 287 Johnnie Burgoo | 389 Cris. Carrol, the Scout |
| 91 Claude Duval | 192 The Locksmith's Apprentice | 288 Reliable Joe | 390 Phil Rayleigh, a London Arab |
| 92 Claude and His Pal | 193 The Charmers and the Charmed | 289 The Yankee Claude Duval | 391 The Knight of the Iron Hand |
| 93 Duval and Dick | 194 The Red Circle | 290 Midshipman Ned | 392 Tom Lester |
| 94 Claude in a Fix | 195 The Nemesis; or, Tracked to Their
Doom | 291 The Cruise of the Old Ironsides | 393 Bicycle Bob |
| 95 Duval Betrayed | 196 Tom Trump | 292 Jack Fenny | 394 Mark Darrell |
| 96 On the Scaffold | 197 The Boy Pilot | 293 The Young Irish Brigand | 395 Oscar Merivale |
| 97 The Highwayman's Ride | | 294 Lance, the Lion | 396 Tom Oakland |
| 98 Claude Duval's Dead Shot | | 295 Tipton Blue | 397 The Mad Alchemist |
| 99 Bonnie Black Bess | | 296 Free-and-Easy Ned | 398 Worm, the Pittsburgh Detective |
| 100 Claude in Jail | | 297 True-Blue; or, Righted at Last | 399 Rob Racket |
| 101 Duval's Life Struggle | | 298 That Boy of Ours—comic | 400 Gypsy Dick |
| | | 299 Tom on His Muscle | |

You can obtain any of the above books from any newsdealer, or they will be sent to your address, post-paid, by sending the price to

Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore St., N. Y.

THE GREAT 5 CENT WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY.

The Largest, Cheapest, Handsomest, and Most Popular Library
IN THE WORLD.

Containing Tales of the Sea, Indian Stories, Mexican Romances
and Adventures in all parts of the World.

READ THE FOLLOWING LIST OF THE LATEST ISSUES PUBLISHED:

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| 401 The Red River Pilot | 462 The James Boys and the Vigilantes | 523 Northwoods Tom |
| 402 Catana; or, The Robber's Daughter | 463 Buffalo Bill's Chum | 524 Only a Cabin Boy |
| 403 Detective Sketches | 464 Denver Dan and His Chums, by "No-name" | 525 Astray in Africa |
| 404 The Boy Scouts of the Sierras | 465 The Old Magician | 526 Tiger Ted |
| 405 The Heir of Longworth | 466 The James Boys and the Ku Klux | 527 The James Boys' Cave |
| 406 A Ghost in the Mirror and Other Stories | 467 The Brother's Crime | 528 The Black Mask |
| 407 Strange Stories of Maniacs | 468 Molly Bland, the Detective | 529 Southwest Fred |
| 408 A Skeleton's Legacy | 469 The James Boys in California | 530 Bob Rollick, the Yankee Notion Drummer. |
| 409 The Pirate's Son | 470 Tumbling Tim—comic | Illustrated—comic |
| 410 The Young Revenue Detective | 471 Mat of the Mountain | 531 The James Boys as Bank Robbers |
| 411 Little Hal, the Boy Engineer | 472 The Picador of Chapultepec | 532 The Black Hercules |
| 412 Captain Hurricane; or, The Waif of the Wreck | 473 The Lost Island | 533 Fireman Dick |
| 413 Tow-path Ted | 474 The James Boys as Train Wreckers | 534 The Shortys out for Fun. By Peter Pad. |
| 414 The Ghost of Paul Priestly | 475 The Maxwell Brothers | Illustrated—comic |
| 415 The Cruise of the "Beauty" | 476 Stuttering Sam—comic | 535 Red River Bill |
| 416 Joe Jordan | 477 The Mad Hunter | 536 Special Express Ned |
| 417 Ebenezer Crow—comic | 478 Persimmon Bill | 537 The Shortys' Christmas and New Year at Home. By Peter Pad—comic |
| 418 Charlie Charlton | 479 The James Boys in Minnesota | 538 The James Boys' Brides |
| 419 Gorilla George | 480 Buck Bidwell | 539 The Spies of the Delaware |
| 420 Stuttering Mose | 481 Toby the Spy | 540 Denver Dan, Jr. |
| 421 The Kingdom in the Sea, a Sequel to "Dick Dauntless" | 482 The James Boys as Highwaymen | 541 The Steam Man of the Plains |
| 422 Light-house Lem | 483 Denver Dan in New York, by "Noname" | 542 On Deck |
| 423 The Search for the "Midas" | 484 Tommy Bounce, Jr., a Chip of the Old Block, by "Peter Pad." Illustrated—comic | 543 From Pole to Pole |
| 424 The Young Explorers | 485 Washed Ashore; or, Adventures in a Strange Land | 544 Dick Wright and his Band of Cannibals |
| 425 Little Nugget, the Pride of Leadville | 486 Charlie Chubbs at College | 545 The Boy Captain; or, The Search for a Missing Will |
| 426 The Young Aeronaut | 487 The Irish Claude Duval | 546 Pickle and Tickle—comic |
| 427 The Boy Trapezeist | 488 The James Boys' Longest Chase | 547 Fort Hayes |
| 428 Prairie Phil | 489 Fair-Weather Jack; or, Life in the Arctic Regions | 548 Noiseless Nat |
| 429 The Green Caps | 490 The James Boys in Mexico | 549 The Secrets Under the Sea |
| 430 Hollow Roost | 491 Old Fox; or, The Mystery of a Trunk | 550 The James Boys' Band |
| 431 The Grimsdale Ghost and Other Stories | 492 The James Boys at Cracker Neck | 551 Sam Sharpe at School |
| 432 Lost in Africa | 493 Silvershot | 552 Privateer Tom |
| 433 Denver Dan and His Mystic Band, by "Noname" | 494 The Silent Slayer | 553 Frank Reade and His Steam Horse |
| 434 Shorty in Search of His Dad—comic | 495 The Irish Claude Duval as a Rebel | 554 Billy the Bootblack |
| 435 The Blasted Pine; or, The Three Boy Scouts | 496 Astray in the Clouds | 555 The Rival Scouts |
| 436 Denver Dan and the Road Agents, by "Noname" | 497 The Shortys Married and Settled Down—comic | 556 The Coral Cave |
| 437 The Freebooter's Secret | 498 The Tree of Death | 557 The Army Scout |
| 438 Sawdust Charlie | 499 The Twin Detectives; or, True to Each Other | 558 Missouri Jack and His Band of "7" |
| 439 Denver Dan and the Counterfeiters, by "Noname" | 500 William Tell, the Dead Shot of the West | 559 Lasso Luke |
| 440 The Train Robbers; or, A Story of the James Boys | 501 Trapper Duke | 560 Shady Dell School |
| 441 Ned Owen; or, The Mystery of a Missing Ship | 502 Leon the Outlaw | 561 The Man of Gold |
| 442 Denver Dan Outwitted, by "Noname" | 503 Tommy Bounce, Jr. in College—comic | 562 The Mad Man of the North Pole |
| 443 The Girdle of Gold | 504 Around the World | 563 Extree Nick, the New York Newsboy |
| 444 The Treasure Cave | 505 Out with the Jeannette | 564 Oath-bound |
| 445 Denver Dan the Sheriff, by "Noname" | 506 Captain Tom Drake | 565 Custer's Last Shot |
| 446 Long Paw | 507 Fred Ford | 566 Gassy Hyde. |
| 447 A Yankee Boy in Africa | 508 Billy Bakkus—comic | 567 Fred Hazard, the Star of the Circus |
| 448 Black and Blue | 509 Bow and Arrow Jack | 568 Coon-Skin Kit, the Dashing Government Scout |
| 449 Ivan and Ismail | 510 Arctic Phil | 569 Denver Dan, Jr., and the Renegade |
| 450 Denver Dan's Peril, by "Noname" | 511 Fred Baxter | 570 Billy Badger; or, The Mysterious Unknown of the Bank-Robbers' Band |
| 451 The True Life of Billy the Kid | 512 The Brookfield Bank Robbers | 571 The James Boys' Fate |
| 452 The Russian Spy | 513 The Border Bandits | 572 Mail-Car Ned; or, Falsely Accused |
| 453 The Creole Brothers | 514 The James Boys and Timberlake | 573 The Maniac Pirate. |
| 454 The Castaways | 515 Fighting Joe | 574 Smokestack Bob. |
| 455 Denver Dan to the Rescue, by "Noname" | 516 Invincible Bill | 575 Nimble Nip, the Imp of the School. |
| 456 Condemned; or, Number 709 | 517 Skeleton Gulch | 576 King Morgan, the Terror of the Seas. |
| 457 The James Boys as Guerrillas | 518 The Irish Claude Duval as a Privateer | 577 The Convict's Oath. |
| 458 Billy Bangs' Schooldays | 519 The Wolverine | 578 The Serpent Queen. |
| 459 The Mad Doctor | 520 Ben Bolt | 579 The Fortune Hunters. |
| 460 Zola, the Old Trapper's Daughter | 521 The James Boys in Court | 580 The Fatal Star. |
| 461 The Shortys' Trip Around the World, by "Peter Pad," handsomely illustrated by Thomas Worth—comic | 522 Bob Rollick; or, What Was He Born For?—comic | 581 The Bootblack's Plot. |
| | | 582 Huron Harry. |
| | | 583 Doomed; or, The Secret League of Boston. |
| | | 584 The Maniac Rider |

SPECIAL N. 1, THE LIFE AND TRIAL OF FRANK JAMES, - - Price 10c.

SPECIAL N. 2, TRUE STORIES TOLD BY FRANK JAMES, - - Price 10c.

Do not fail to purchase one from your newsdealers, as they all have them on hand; or they will be sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price, 5 cents. Address

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

34 and 36 North Moore Street, N. Y.

Box 2730.